

**HAMPSHIRE
COLLEGE
PRESENTS**

**VOLUME THIRTY SEVEN
ISSUE ONE**



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Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: **we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community** that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. **The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it.** Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. **Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views.** (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for **Omen layout**, which usually takes place on **alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill** on a computer with an honestly pretty adequate monitor, nowadays. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in the Dining Commons, the post office, or on the door of your mod (if we get to putting it on doors, anyway).

TO SUBMIT

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or Ian McEwen, Box 286.



THE OMEN HAIKU

*views in the Omen
do not necessarily
reflect the staff's views*

So, first, hello everyone and welcome (back) to Hampshire (choose whichever greeting is appropriate)! As has been true for time immemorial (or at least since Spring 1993 or so), The Omen is back for yet another semester. One of our projects recently (well, one of my projects - not too many others working on it, really) has been scanning in back issues of The Omen, or preparing to do so, in the interest of publishing a digital archive. Because though The Omen may be full of inane crap MOST of the time, occasionally people write about things. And so it's become a bit of an oral history of the college, and it's really a shame to have that locked up in the basement of Merrill A where only people who come to layout can see things. (Not that having it online should prevent you coming to layout. You really should.)

My interest, naturally, has been especially on the stories about the publication itself; as the editor, I tend to be able to relate.

Thus, let me tell you the story of one Jacob Chabot, fifth editor of The Omen. Around this time, one of the best-known kerfluffles with The Omen happened; if you've seen the Hampshire "activist timeline," it's the mention of The Omen in there. So, here's what happened:

Fall 1999. Someone publishes a shitty article which was perhaps a bit poorly thought-out: they took the titles of a bunch of Japanese porn, as poorly-translated on some online store site, combined them into an article, and entitled it "Cum on Eileen." It was accompanied with a similarly dumb image, with a similarly dumb caption. A few people got annoyed, and the staff of The Omen said "free speech, guys, it's a stupid joke, if you're offended write us a submission and WE WILL PUBLISH IT." The issue was totally dropped, because it was just a silly article and nobody really cared much.

Fast forward to Spring 2000. For reference, at this time our dear protagonist Mr. Chabot is in his last year here. He's had a lot of trouble with things, specifically being taken seriously as a comic book artist in the year 2000 (which is stupid, by the way, because his art is awesome); he's had some issues with Hampshire and advisors and such. Wade Stuckwisch, another Omen contributor, has an idea for a poster, which Chabot draws; it uses a metaphor of sexual promiscuity (and an anime-esque drawing of a naked woman, cleverly cen-

sored) for writing to The Omen, trying to make fun of highly sexualized advertising at the same time.

Some people associated it with the previous stupid article, and decided that this was hugely racist and sexist, that JC and The Omen were trying to actively oppress women and minorities.

Community Council called all-community meetings, JC and crew got dragged in front of the Community Review Board; eventually everyone realized that no actual harm was done and none was intended, and that an open forum was the more important part.

Nobody, somehow, realized that The Omen is an open forum. Around this time, we see very few articles not written by staff on the topic in The Omen. This interests me, because last year's (much smaller) race controversy with The Omen had the same trend - loud, frequent demands for an open forum (which was granted, both by The Omen and others), calls to destroy The Omen, and obliviousness as to the publication's status as... that's right, an open forum.

Now, the last issue of Spring 2000. JC is graduating. He is done. He writes a three-page editorial, and he says: fuck all of you, and fuck everything you believe; clearly I can't be here unless I'm a crazy left-winger, and I'm not: so fuck you. He also draws another naked lady for the cover, this time flipping off whoever happens to be walking by. The administration tells The Omen not to print that (with permission to print the full issue in the fall, which incidentally isn't taken up).

Sound out of line? How about on both sides? I tend to think so, and this brought me to thinking about activism at Hampshire; I think a lot of times people don't consider the inhumanity of their own activism. I don't know how this translates outside of Hampshire - I don't have the vision for that. But within Hampshire, for Hampshire issues, all I've seen is it alienate people, make people want to say "fuck you all," in the style of Jacob Chabot.

So welcome (back) to Hampshire. Keep track of your activism, don't alienate, stay awesome.

And submit to The Omen (omen@hampshire.edu)!

The Omen loves you.

Welcome (baëk) to Hampshire

by IAN MCEWEN

EDITORIAL

Section: Speak

Why I Love Hampshire

ZILONG WANG

There is no unconditional love, so here I wish to explain why I love Hampshire College.

I love Hampshire because it is imperfect. An imperfect school makes a perfect place for critical thinking. Hampshire College is never a finished product, it is a constant experiment and improvement. The students are not just service receivers, we are the creators and we take this responsibility eagerly and seriously.

I love Hampshire for its paradoxes, and let me name a few. Hampshire has the tradition of breaking the traditions; Hampshire is in the business of thinking out of the box. Therefore, Hampshire has an inherent restlessness in its gene. It has to keep reinventing itself and to engage in painful self-reflection and self-criticism.

Another paradox is that the best Hampshire students are the most critical of the school, and they are often the ones who take the most off-campus classes. This is a sign of Hampshire success, just as the parents are successful when the child leaves home and recognizes the parents' mistakes. But the child only loves the parents more.

A third paradox: Hampshire was very unique in 1970s, but less so now because other schools has borrowed Hampshire's idea. This is exactly what Hampshire set out to achieve --- to unsettle the rigid higher education. But Hampshire's success has led to the loss of its comparative advantages, so Hampshire has to find a new edge to be the pioneer in the next round of progress. The appointment of Jonathan Lash as Hampshire's new president is a decisive step.

I love Hampshire because it is doing the society a great favor by being the "venture capitalist" in education. Amherst College is like a successful pension fund, investing in only those blue chip stocks with low risk and sure returns. And Amherst students would probably still be successful without Amherst --- they will be admitted to other Ivy Leagues, or their daddy will figure something out. In contrast, Hampshire is the venture capitalist who welcomes unconventional students, giv-

ing them a chance to discover and express themselves, and in many situations, to have a second life. Also, there's no other place like Hampshire. Hampshire shows the world that there is more than one definition of success --- all roads lead to Rome. But more importantly, Hampshire makes you realize that probably Rome is not where you really want to go.

I love Hampshire because I am pushed to work extra hard. First, we must have a command of the orthodoxy; then we have to critique it; finally we have to create something new and better. Another way to look at it: Hampshire students have to take care of spiritual and material worlds at the same time --- being successful is not enough; we have to do good.

Of course, Hampshire is full of its own shortcomings. My biggest objection is people's showing up late for appointments. Also, critical thinking might turn into self-righteousness. Sometimes, I am quite disturbed by the situation in the College, but soon to realize that this disturbance is an invaluable education.

To conclude, I will tell a story. At the age of eighteen, I meet a girl. She is unique, creative, energetic and sometimes crazy. She is sincere, unpretentious, not totally mature, and she loves nature. I decide to spend my four precious year with her. She makes me laugh, and makes me angry. Sometimes we fight and try to break up. Eventually, I get to know a lot about her, and through her, I have learned even more about myself. We are growing together, and this mutual growth will never end.

I love her, and I think you know her name.



The Best and Only Solution to the Problems with Campus Tours

GREG LARSEN

FINDING A WAY *By Benjamin Stopek*

Finding a way:
is not an easy task.
To put into words, as you sit there.
Numb.

What words to computer screen do I want to imprint?
How, can I explain?

But the questions stops there...
Why; does the question stop there?

Explain what?
It is something that everyone can understand.
This much I know, because the things I have seen around
me... around me?
I think they might be the same as I am, a little different?

Different enough...

For me to never be able to explain.
How, can I explain?

// //

Sincerely..
You & Me,
Bully & Victim,
Black & White,
Gay & Straight,
Government & People,
Upper Class & Working Class,
Man & Woman,
Gender,
Left half of the brain, right half of the brain,

Us, the people who stand divided

without equality

Since at least 2009, there has been spirited argument throughout all segments of campus about the supposed inadequacy of our college's campus tours for prospective students. There seems to be no idea in discussion now that we can all agree on, so I've opted to throw one of my own into the mix. I hope that my modest suggestion will prove to revolutionize our tours, serve as an example for other colleges, and maybe even make us a little money on the side.

Consider:

- The path from the current admissions building to the main body of campus, which all tours walk twice, is often criticized for being too long.

- Tours, as they currently exist, are restricted by the distance already being walked on our "small" campus; key places in many students' experiences here including the Farm Center, the Yiddish Book Center, the Tavern, and the trampoline in the woods are all forgotten due to what I understand to be time and energy constraints.

- Many current proposals involve changing the location of Admissions by either constructing an addition to an academic building or co-opting space that is already in short supply within our existing structures.

- Changing the location would also downplay one of our campus's key resources: the natural beauty of Western Massachusetts. A prime example of it can be found by walking the same path down to the Red Barn and the current admissions building that tours take now. Conveniently, it is also the path that prospective students would no longer follow after any movement of the office.

- Now that the graffiti wall is theoretically back up for good, we probably shouldn't knock it down again¹.

The bulk of these problems could be solved with little difficulty if there was some way for touring students and parents to travel across campus faster and without as much physical exertion. During a recent visit to Boston, I was struck with a compelling possibility that could dramatically improve the tour situation on our campus.

Boston has a thriving tourist industry, in no small part because it combines the amenities and cultural wonders of a modern technological city and a wealth of historical landmarks. To capitalize on the facts that the space between all the tourist attractions is large and people will pay for someone to tell them things rather than find them out for them-



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selves, multiple tour companies have sprouted in the area over the years. However, one firm stands high above the rest.

During World War II, top American military brass recognized a growing need to bring our GIs from places that were wet, like the English Channel, to places that were less wet, like Normandy². This need was met by a vehicle that started as a harebrained engineering Frankenstein monster, but was eventually refined into the DUKW, an amphibious boat-truck. Built like a tank and waterproofed like a boat, it's the best of both worlds.

After the vehicles built a distinguished record of service in the war, civilian tour companies purchased DUKWs of their own. One such agency, Boston Duck Tours, has expanded its fleet to over 20 boats since 1994. In just 17 short years, the Ducks have become iconic - the Boston Red Sox brought the majority of the duck boat fleet along for the parade celebrating their historic 2004 World Series victory. I think the DUKW can do the same here, and become just as much a part of our image and identity as our beloved mascot Skippy the Riot Cop. All we need to do is come up with some other nickname for the boats that would better fit our school. Let's see: what do we have here that's amphibious, green, and widely recognizable as an extant symbol of the college? Yep, you guessed it. When we purchase the DUKWs, they'll be called Frog Boats.

Now, I'm not denying that there will be difficulties. Some of the more green-minded members of the community may question the necessity of including truck-sized vehicles in the tour experience, given their impact on the environment. It's true - a working DUKW consumes the amount of gasoline that one might expect from a large 1940's-era Army transport. But fear not! Some young go-getters from our community could always retrofit the fleet to run on biodiesel/hydrogen fuel cells/dreams and rainbows for community service hours or as an EPEC class.

The people who want us to be fiscally responsible will likely note that DUKWs will be expensive purchases. However, Frog Boats will easily be able to provide financial support for themselves. Not only could we have prospective students and their parents ride in them, we could also attract tourists of our own during the warmer months. In San Francisco, back during the Summer of Love and subsequent Summers of Like, Acceptance, and Unmasked Resentment, upper-middle-class suburbanites paid good money to get on buses that drove around the Haight-Ashbury district so they could point and stare at the residents, many of them the runaway children of upper-middle-class suburbanites themselves, as they acted "weird." While our quirks are mostly of a different sort than those in which sun-drenched hippies once reveled and made poor life decisions, the things that make us unique might be able to draw a fairly substantial audience of gawking visitors,³ especially during leaf-peeping season. The folks who run the Boston tours get

away with charging in excess of \$30 a head for adults, so we could easily justify \$10 per ride. Special events, like Hampshire Halloween, could feature higher rates and plexiglass windows. If a college-age or soon-to-be college-age person wants to ride, they and any family members could ride free provided they can show us sufficient identification. That way, potential students can still get the Frog Tour they deserve and the tourists foot the bill.

Perhaps the most stirring argument I've come across against Frog Tours is the lack of permanent water deeper than a foot anywhere on or reasonably near campus. It's certainly a toughie. However, actual water or no, there's a certain aesthetic charm in the DUKW that just can't be matched by a pedestrian tour bus⁴. During the off-season and breaks, OPRA could use the Frog Boats to transport students to island destinations without the hassle of getting students onto boats, as well as cut through traffic on bridges by going through rivers. Furthermore, if we desperately wanted to utilize the boat capabilities of the vehicle during the academic year, we could always loan them out to UMass so they could drive their prospective students through that creek that runs across the academic center of their campus. With Frog Boats, we could add a unique resource to our rather small roster, one that will be utilized by the other colleges rather than yet another we must borrow from them. This change will almost certainly lead the other four schools to further respect our initiative.

Make no mistake- adopting a system like Boston's Duck Tours will supplement our notoriously weak endowment, give prospective students an unforgettable ride, and boost our status within the Five College Consortium. When colleges all over the world have adopted DUKW-based tours, will history remember us as pioneers and heroes? Or will we be forgotten as foolish reactionaries unwilling to give the boat-buses a try? Can we as a community take that initial leap that will allow us to soar, or will we dawdle too long and watch our chance at being the first slip away when someone at Bard gets the idea? Students, staff, faculty, and administration of Hampshire College, I ask you: Are we brave enough to answer the Call of the Duck? 🦆

¹ I should note that I would be perfectly fine with the wanton destruction of the graffiti wall if it is done for artistic reasons and the broken remains are restored after a reasonable exhibition period. I won't stand in the way of The Arts.

² My friend, occasional editor, and colleague, Dana Mendes, has rightfully pointed out to me that Normandy is only slightly less wet than the English Channel. However, there's certainly a difference, so no change has been made.

³ An aggressive advertising campaign could help us on this front. Did you hear that spontaneous public orgies are common and socially acceptable at Hampshire, and that all property on campus is communally owned? No? Not true, you say? Well, potential tourists don't know that, now do they?

⁴ That magnificent prow! Those majestic wheels! That retro-army chic!

Section: Hate **DON'T GRADUATE** *By Evan Crackbottom Silberman*

Guys, don't graduate. Seriously. I made the mistake of graduating a few months ago and I've been regretting it ever since.

Oh you might think that graduation will be amazing. You won't be stuck living in the weird Hampshire bubble, you won't be subject to the whims of a housing office that makes you live between a drug dealer and the World's Loudest Fuckers. You'll be able to get a job and have more disposable cash than you ever dreamed possible. You can go live the urbane existence in Brooklyn or Cambridge or some way-out Bay Area suburb you will insist on calling "San Francisco" that you've been itching for since you finally went to the Valley's last museum (the UMass Continuing Education Art and HVAC Repair Gallery) and ordered its last pizza (from a mysterious establishment called "PIZZA" in South Hadley).

Sadly, none of this shall come to pass, because you are going to move back home with your parents.

"Nonsense!" I hear you exclaim. "After my four to seven years of circumscribed independence, I could never return to my childhood home and comfortably reintegrate into my parents' home!"

This is purely magical thinking. You are moving back in with your parents, and you know it to be true. Because to go anywhere else, you would need to graduate with more than \$186 to your name. Or a job. Unless you are a fucking Dancing Wu Li Master of fiscal responsibility (and you are not, since you have been spending your work-study income on LSD and 3-D movies at Cinemark to watch under the influence of LSD). Point being, you are about to graduate from a Small Liberal Arts College with no job skills or cash, and your parents are going to _be at graduation_. Riding home with them in the minivan is the only option you will have available to you.

"Well, that's as may be," you reply, "but my parents and I get along famously. I will just move back into my room and figure out my next steps."

This way lies madness. When you're living at home, your parents can't help but buy your food, do your laundry, and generally be encouraging in every way. You are _not_ going to like this. Just think about it for a minute and the full horror will be apparent.

You will likely be hundreds of miles away from all your friends. You might think that you will have friends at home, but you won't, really. They will all have jobs, somehow, probably in respectable fields like software engineering or insurance, in places like Seattle and Hartford. You will be left by yourself, and you will have to convince yourself to go to museums and shows by yourself in an attempt to lead a cultured existence.

You have no idea how to meet people.

You're going to apply to grad school.

Don't graduate.





Dear Omen: I am a former hampshire student and umass transfer in my senior year, with some contentious social commentary for your publication regarding different social and ideological niches around this part of the pioneer valley, and their ideological incongruities and incompatibilities. I believe that these form spectrums of synthetic and non-synthetic(possibility flammable) contiguity and seperation from and between each other.

Something Pretty Wicked Obscene

THOMAS SCHINDLER

Wanna know how effed up society is? Look around you. Everybody's obsessed with identity but they refuse semantics. Either the words mean everything or they mean nothing, interpretations are invitations to imprison yourself in the stupidity because fucking humanity can't think about these words they toss around for two seconds without defaming themselves even more. I can't even say that I think its really obnoxious, and shallow, and closed minded and restrictive, and most of all manipulative because my interpretation of this insanity would not be sold in a bookstore along side all the other ones that add to the movement. Is that because it would kill the product line? Would people then have to stop hiccuping? Maybe my interpretation is oversimplified or something that people would find abrasive and cuttngly revealing of their retardedness. Basically this is the word: society is non-inclusive to individuals. Any individual who wants to assert their individuality has a challenge to find something long winded and politically correct which might not get them anywhere. Sarcasm is effective too, perhaps more so than anything else, but the world turns distraught when certain figures they count on for certain things use cutting sarcasm to assert their authority and surpass sensitivity for other people's feelings and also groups who would get involved and use guilt to bring this other person who does not give one flying shit about the community NOT ONE FLYING FUCKING SHIT into a state of third grade submission for meanness and non-humility. I get the point, humor and storytelling get you into trouble with women and old people. When I make up all sorts of shit, and preach about nonsense, and then dumb people part of this movement come in and evaluate its potentials or tendencies for misogynism or homophobia or racism or classism, or things inflammatory or R-rated like they have the highest authority or precedent over society. I'm not responsible for why things are turning in this direction, its got its own facistic or annhilistic tendencies which I neglect to understand. Maybe I need

10 to read up, or hear someone's opinion, because I

am a sheltered individual from a small all white town from where I retain most of my traits who doesn't care for the widespread, complicated profligation and nonsense, the trail of endless tears and guilt, which for my amounts to 100,000 tree's killed for tissues that will never be used because all I have is disdain and ridicule and a lack of seriousness about it. Its humorous to me, and I choose to satirize it no matter how correctional it turns you. This is infinitely obstrusive, and it creates a circulation of limp wristed individuals that will stop the economy and dead in its tracks. Except for the tissue paper and dissolving anal scent bead industry. There's a lot going on around here with any kind of tendency, and I say that this one supresses individuation and places a requirement instead on the individual to subordinate themselves and not allow them use true assertiveness and true anger when their right really allows them. I choose to keep the things I have, I choose to listen to irish folk even if it reminds someone of blank, I choose to listen to the clash because they have a message,

but I will also not bend to fans of the band korn either. They are also retarded. I have no use for motorcycles or gothic things or diesel fuel or hummers, the band korn should come here and become a part of the movement. They should adorn themselves with beads and new age crystal necklaces that resemble unisexual things and wear gay patchouli and cinnamon spice burning lipstick and flowery shiny multicolored clothes that replace the male agency with limpid weak flowers. I also hate the people who say "flowers deserve to die...". I think korn should dress like a really faggy version of the dalai llama and stand up on stage with their superstitious limp wristed hand gestures and sing a "weak(to be strong)" version of "FLOWERS DESERVE TO DIE". I think everone should take a never ending bath in gooey patchouli stuff and just leave it into harden and seal on the really nasty parts of their body. So that it will remain even if wash and rinse themselves off afterwards. I like how required guys are to non-individuate, if they individuate they are called "vain" and women with 3,000 dollars worth of earrings and piercings will come

out adorned and hiss at them and say "YOU ARE AIN ADAMENAINIG!" and make made up sign language gestures to make them feel better in their CBT methods. We live in a gay society here, where we must trike and not doo too much for fear that the energies of others will strain. We live in an age of asenine non-science at either end of the spectrum. We've got korn fans here wearing black and being retarded, and then we also have the town cryer mothers who prance around with their evaluations of other people and their hegemony over the spectrums in their handbook of supposedly legitimately derived non-psychology and non-science crying because this guy reminds them of this spot on the spectrum they learned about on their test which they thought was a real case but was actually a hypothetical example like "jane and joe have two dogs, but one is black, so which one is white..." and they memorize their rules and go out and learn them among the korn fanatics at the ozzfest, wanting to "help" these individuals with their subpar social workers salaries. These distortions must be recognized for their transparency and irony and not their dogma.

Also, gluestick motherfuckers who sit next to me in group who look like they belong on a saturday morning muppet cartoon show who touch you tenderly on the arm and say something condescending are asking for a .45 magnum placed to their head daring them to admit that they are made of stuffing and silly puddy and that they should send their children to a carnival with a sign saying "hey how close do we look to muppets?".

This plastic purple box is just as toxic as a toy bought at wall mart. Its fucking itself in the ass while the korn and nu metal fanatic lynch mod moshes around inside of it, and I look over and shake my head and scratch my chin thinking of how stupid and shameful the world is when the broke vocationals and the non-psychueerology advocates have to come together in such incongruous ways.

How dare you presuppose sadness on the world, for you. Why do I have to make an emotional payment to you. I choose to disown you as a crystal guardian protector. I choose to send you to the DMV unemployment line and to have you wait for the spit balls to go flying at your cord-patch basket purse. The potential for disgusting heresy is all that your profligation, your adornments, etc.. can lead to. That all. You're an ironic contingent with sacramental memorabilia that will cause numerous triggers when drunk people pick up their remnants at the dump and use them for anarchistic collages with slipknot and korn merch.

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Thats all this is and all you are, making an industry that furthers the possibility of true heresy and a rise in the number of patients admitted to your psychward.

I wanna throw up inside the butt of the lady who forced aroma therapy on me at the hospital that one time, for bringing her smell into my room and making everything so sickening and unpleasant. I get the point, you want people to smell you and to react to your statement and to feel trapped inside the unpleasantness that envelopes them and which they cannot describe and to be limitlessly sickened when you come around again and they are reminded of it. And if you say "hey how do I get out of this?" they say well heres a series of tests.

"am I going to have to slide some into my butt?"

"very funny, no here."

"The smell bothers me lady...."

"Resistance is unsensitive..."

"So? You're ugly, and you're hand cream stinks and I can't get it out of my head...."

"That means you should come to my hedonistic butt cream garden."

"Oh yeah? Sounds kinky...but I think I'd be sexually traumatized...."

"I have some tapes for that..."

"Oh yeah? What to they require?"

"Well for one they only work when you're burning this incense"

"This looks like a turd, a really skinny turd...."

"Mmhmm, turdaleanges, thats what it is named."

"And then you take these and lay them out and press them into the palm of your hand and blow bubbles with this hand..."

"no...that was the fifth order of dungeons and dragons aggregation...we are beyond into subrensalllear trauma victims who go limp wristed with their beaded handcuffs attached to their balls"

"Not into that lady...."

"Ok well you have the option of listening to these scratched up nu-metal cd mixes and thinking of how better off nu-metal singers would be if they transsexually problematized everynow and then. If they went to the town wearing lipstick with a nice coating of my hemaphrolotion for child nostril baptism...."

"lady I'm gonna go throw up to prove that I'm still normal...."

"Ok well we wouldn't want you to do that now, here are some..."

"No lady, I need to do this to prove I'm still human..."

"ok go ahead..."

2 minutes later knocking at the door...

"Fuck I can't do this...."

"Are you alright, I have some lotial naturnontestostrips for your upper lip...."

"No lady, I'm having a some trouble here, oh...wait...."

"If you want I can make some music out of my converted yoga mushroom dangly penis tip off of a burnt brahmin...."

and then buckets and buckets of slop I didn't even know I had in me exploded out of my stomach into the toilet, some even flew back into my face.

"Sirela you blew a circuit!!!! My nose just exofiliated over my face.....I have to chantra molstretra now inside the dungeon of almost real knives"

Section: Lies

SO the WEALTHY SWISS ARE HAPPIER THAN the POOR BULGARIANS...

By Greg Larsen

It misses the mark to see Professor Franklin as a workaholic. I park the mud-splattered Suburban and head into the lodge. "Money really cannot buy happiness," declared the New York Times. What a lucky day she had. The statement "I very much enjoy belonging to a club or afterschool group is very much like me. Kalpana is a thirty-five-year-old woman who has been a prostitute for twenty years. They pass control of the floor, with Tess taking the carpet. They have enormous difficulty making and keeping even casual friends. Wrong! A cloudless spring day, the ending of the Beatles's "Hey Jude," pictures of babies and young lambs, and sitting down in front of a blazing fire on a snowy evening are all examples of bodily pleasures. Whether one identical twin is a giggler or a grouch, it is highly likely that her sister, with exactly the same genes, will be one as well; but if the twins are fraternal, sharing only half their genes, the odds that they will have the same affectivity are not much greater than chance. You mark your achievements through money, but also through advancement. The Internet, globalization, and the absence of nuclear war are not happenstance. Pessimists name transient causes, such as mood and effort. I'm sure you are skeptical. I've never been able to choke down the idea of a supernatural God who stands outside of time, a God who designs and creates the universe. The Veterans Administration Act of 1946, among many other things, created a cadre of psychologists to treat our troubled veterans. Positive emotion predicted who lived and who died, as well as disability. Our third parenting principle is to take the positive emotions of your child just as seriously as the negative emotions, and his or her strengths as seriously as the weaknesses. In our society, younger people are often overlooked when searching for those with great strengths. They all eat roughly the same bland diet. They don't smoke or drink. They have the same reproductive and marital histories. They don't get sexually transmitted diseases. Call out, "Guido," and I'll be there. They almost all are well documented to dampen anxiety as well. Love, affection, warmth, and ebullience should all be delivered unconditionally. Led by Katherine Dahlsgaard, we read Aristotle and Plato, Aquinas and Augustine, the Old Testament and the Talmud, Confucius, Buddha, Lao-Tze, Bushido (the samurai code), the Koran, Benjamin Franklin, the Upanishads-some two hundred virtue catalogues in all. From 1947 on, Dom's parents knew they had a prodigy in the family. I think of him as the Henry Kissinger of academia. Why do we limit the "No"s? So I was searching for nuggets about strengthening love relationships that are always in pretty good shape. When starting to cry, I didn't know why I was crying.

In Response to That
IAN MCEWEN

WHAT.

WHAT THE HECK WHAT. WHAT?

(Seriously, what is that? But, uh,
we'll publish it...)

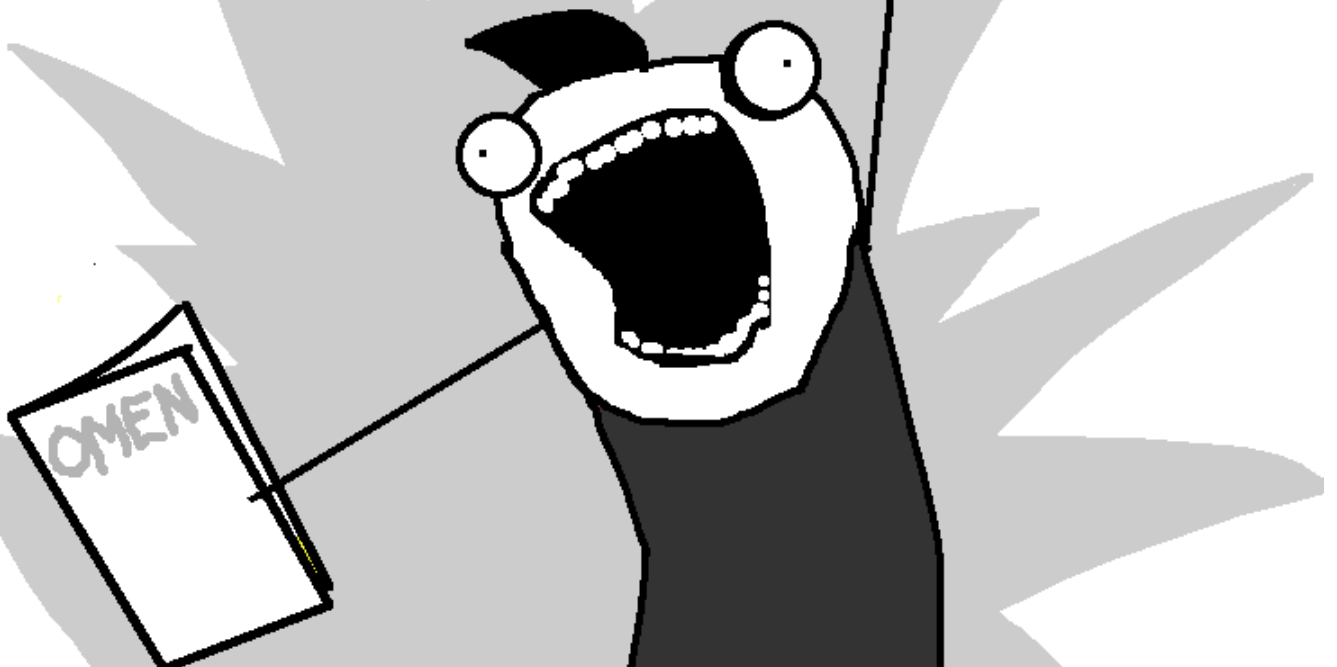


BADGERS *by* **FIONA STEWART-TAYLOR**

WHAT WE DO HERE AT THE OMEN:

Devin Morse

PUBLISH ALL THE
SUBMISSIONS!



RACHEL ITHEN

Out of Context

My summer activities, as described by one quote taken out of context.

1. “You have to throw your red one over there... NO WAIT NOT YET I’M STILL ON THE LIGHT BRIDGE”

2. “Put the glove in front of your face, the ball won’t hit you if you do that.” “But then I can’t see the ball...”

3. “Let’s think this through. Who would find it funny to kill Dillon?” “Uh. Everyone.”

4. “Oh shit, he’s coming this way, start shooting! Wait... save your arrows. He just walked into our tower of lava and died.”

5. “I’m pretty sure this homemade icing is healthy. Wait... is three cups of confectioner’s sugar healthy?”

6. “Does anyone have wood?” “I don’t have wood.” “I can give you wood.” “That’s what she said.”

7. “We have to have creative names. I’ll type yours in as swagboni. Because you have swag, and you’re like a zamboni.”

8. “You have to unwrap the cream cheese before you put it in the bowl, you know.”

9. “Michael Jackson. I mean Joan Jett.”

10. “Okay, it’s an all-play. Fever.” “...that was the word, wasn’t it?” “Uh. Whoops.”

11. “Are you SECOND in the division? I don’t think so. We’re fucking SECOND, baby. SECOND IN THE DIVISION.” “Dude... shut up. You’re losing to the Mets.”

ANSWER KEY:

1. Portal 2
2. Baseball
3. Mafia
4. Minecraft
5. Baking cupcakes
6. Settlers of Catan
7. Bowling
8. Making cheesecake
9. Playing scene-it
10. Playing pictionary
11. Baseball game

